



"GATEWAY TO *DEATH!*"

APPROVED
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AUTHORITY

JUNE
NO. 202

12

BATMAN



COMING YOUR WAY--A NEW DC BRAND

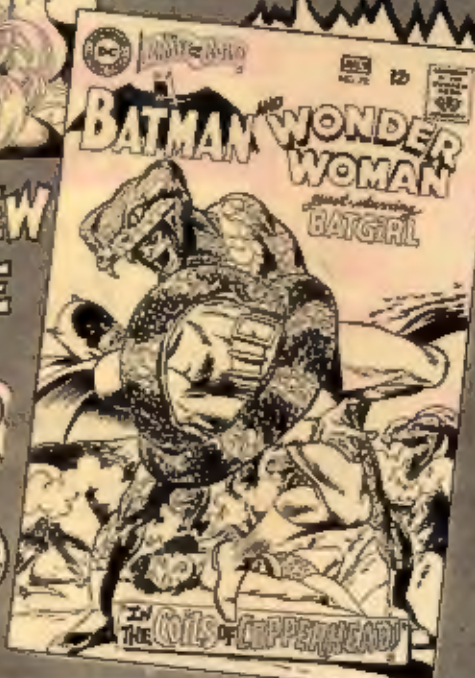
YOU COULDN'T
STOP AT 1...

WAIT
TILL YOU
SEE NO. 2



A BRAND NEW
CHALLENGE
FOR

The
BRAVE and the BOLD



BATMAN

With ROBIN, The Boy Wonder

"GATEWAY TO DEATH!"

BOB KANA

A POLICEMAN'S POUNDING OF A BEAT ALONG GOTHAM CITY'S "DIAMOND ROW" STOPS SHORT! INCREDULOUS EYES STARE AT BREAK THAT RISE OUT OF A TRASH-BIN!



AS IF BY SOME SERIE ENCHANTMENT, THE BRICKS MAKE A RIGHT-ANGLE TURN!—AND SPEED STRAIGHT FOR A 94 AMP DISPLAY WINDOW!



...AND THROUGH IT!



STOP, THIEF—WHOEVER AND WHEREVER YOU ARE!



SUDDENLY—LEGS STIFFEN! A GASP OF DESPAIR RIPS THE THROAT!—AND THE POLICE OFFICER PLUNGES GROUNDWARD!



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BRIEF MINUTES LATER, THE BATMOBILE PULLED UP BEFORE THE CARTER DIAMOND COMPANY...

THERE'S THE REASON FOR THE TRIPPED BURGLAR ALARM, ROBIN!

A BROKEN GLASS DISPLAY WINDOW--AND A POLICEMAN SPRAYED GUT ON THE SIDEWALK!



YOU ALL RIGHT, OFFICER?

NOY TOO BAD PHYSICALLY, BATMAN-- BUT MENTALLY I'M A WRECK!

I TRIED TO STOP SOME BRICKS FROM CRASHING THROUGH THAT WINDOW--WHEN I FELT LIKE I WAS HIT BY, ER, A TON OF BRICKS!



DID YOU SEE THE GEEK WHO HEAVED THOSE BRICKS, OFFICER?

NOONE THREW 'EM, ROBIN--

THEY J--JUST ROSE UP--AND FLEW-- THEMSELVES THROUGH THAT WINDOW!

THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF! AND ONE OF THOSE LUDICROUS CRIMES THAT'S HAUNTED GOTHAM CITY LATELY!



FURTHER INVESTIGATION REVEALS...

WHILE OFFICER JACKSON WAS OUT COLD ON THE SIDEWALK--THE "PSYCHIC PLUNDERER" CAME IN HERE AND STRIPPED THE SAFE CLEAN!

THIS IS ALMOST AS INCREDIBLE AS HIS LAST ROBBERY, WHEN A GUN MUNG IN EMPTY AIR POINTING AT A BLANK TELLER...



AND A DISMEMBERED VOICE ORDERED HIM TO SHOVE THE MONEY OUT ON THE COUNTER... THEN PROMPTLY DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT!



SHORTLY IN THE BATCAVE...

I--I FEEL LIKE ROBIN IN PUZZLELAND, BATMAN! HOW ELSE CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY THERE ARE NO FINGER-PRINTS ON THE BRICKS--NOT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF BODY-HEAT?

WELL, ONE TASTY EXPLANATION--EVEN IF IT'S HARD TO SWALLOW--IS THAT THE THIEF HAS THE POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER!



TO ONE SIDE OF THE DYNAMIC DUO, THEIR FAITHFUL BUTLER ALFRED TURNS ASHEN...

BRICKS--HURLING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE AIR! MIND--OVER MATTER?

THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT IS A DIFFICULT CHOICE, BUT I MUST TELL...



BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR! I--I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU!

WHAT'S THAT, ALFRED? HOW CAN YOU HELP US?

I TRY! BELIEVE ME, I KNOW WHO THE PSYCHIC FLUNDERER IS!

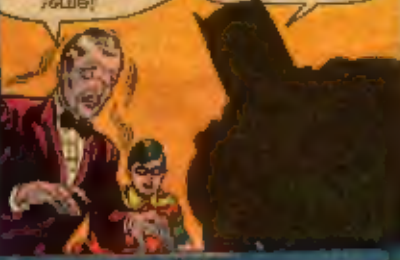
DON'T KEEP US IN SUSPENSE, ALFRED! WHO IS HE?



SUDDENLY THE USUALLY PLACID FEATURES OF THE ENGLISHMAN CONTORT IN A NERVOUS SPASM AS...

...HIS NAME (GUG!) (MUMBLE) (GUG!)

GOOD GOSH! HE'S GOING TO--COLLAPSE!



EWNN!

HE'S KEELED OVER! BUT WHAT--?

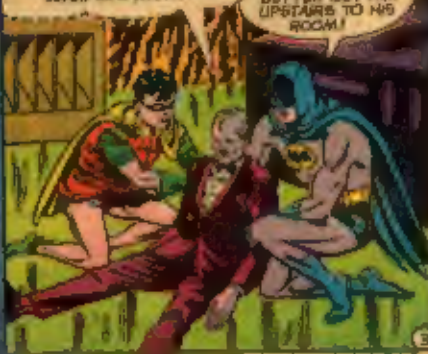
LOOKS LIKE HE WAS BATTLING TO GET THE WORDS OUT--AND LOST!



AS IF BY A TRAUMATIC COMA ALFRED STRUGGLES TO SPEAK--TONGUE THICK, HIS WHISPERING BARELY AUDIBLE...

I CAN! BOMB--BOMB! TRAPS! SAVE! LIKE I WANT!

HE'S IN BAD SHAPE--WE'D BETTER GET HIM UPSTAIRS TO HIS ROOM!

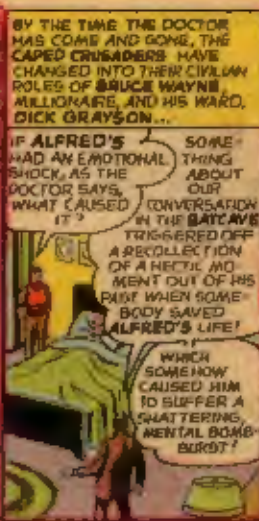




4-E-ETERNAL G-G-GATE...

WHAT'S HE TRYING TO TELL US NOW?

FIRST THING FIRST, ROBIN! LET'S GET HIM TO BED AND PHONE MY DOCTOR!



IF ALFRED'S HAD AN EMOTIONAL SHOCK, AS THE DOCTOR SAYS, WHAT CAUSED IT?

SOME THING ABOUT OUR CONVERSATION IN THE BATCAVE

TRIGGERED OFF A RECOLLECTION OF A HECTIC MOMENT OUT OF HIS PAST WHEN SOME-BODY SAVED ALFRED'S LIFE!

WHICH SOMEHOW CAUSED HIM TO SUFFER A SHATTERING MENTAL BOMB-BURST!



SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW? ALFRED DIDN'T GIVE US ANY CLUE TO WORK ON--UNLESS YOU KNOW WHAT AN "ETERNAL GATE" IS!

WE GET BACK INTO OUR COSTUMES-- AND GO TO THE CEMETERY!



THE CEMETERY? DON'T TELL ME ALFRED IS GOING TO--

NO, NO! NOTHING LIKE THAT! THE ONLY ETERNAL GATE I KNOW IS A CEMETERY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!

SOON AFTERWARD, IN THE NIGHT- MISTS THAT SHROUD THE ETERNAL GATE CEMETERY...

IT'S A CREEPY FEELING--LOOKING FOR OUR QUARRY HERE--

--WHEN WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO HE IS--OR EVEN WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

THROUGH THE CHILL FOG THAT DRAPES TOMBSTONE AND MAUSOLEUM, THE DYNAMIC DUO PENETRATES DEEPER AMONG THE HEADSTONES—UNTIL—

WH-WHAT WAS THAT, BATMAN? IT FELT LIKE THE CHILL OF DEATH!

IT... WAS... ROBIN!

BATMAN!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

THERE'S NOBODY AROUND—
NOTHING COULD HAVE
STRUCK YOU DOWN.

EXCEPT—THAT
CHERUB ON TOP OF THAT
HEADSTONE!

UNLESS—IT ISN'T A
STATUS—AND BLEW A
POISONED DART THROUGH
THAT "PIPE" OF HIS!

HIS
FACE CONTESTED WITH
MIXED GRIEF AND RAGE, HIS
VISION OBSCURED BY THE TEARS
OF UNCONTROLLED EMOTIONS,
THE TEEN TITAN HURLED
HIMSELF LIKE A HUMAN
CATAPULT...

I'LL GET YOU
FOR THIS!

BUT—HIS FRANTIC
FINGERS GRIP
ONLY CLAMMY COLD
STONE! HIS EYES
STARE UP AT
CARVEN, LIFELESS
FEATURES! AND
HIS HEART
HAMMERS
RIEKLRY IN
RESPONSE TO
GRIM REALITY...

IT--REALLY--
IS--A--
STATUS!



DAZED—SCARCELY CREDITING HIS OWN SENSES—THE BOY WONDER DROPS TO A KNEE ALONGSIDE BATMAN AND...

OKAY...OKAY... STOP SHAKING ME!

BATMAN! YOU'RE ALIVE! BUT—WHAT HIT YOU?

PROBABLY THE SAME EVIL FORCE THAT STRUCK THE POLICEMAN EARLIER TONIGHT!

DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING—SEE ANYTHING?

NO—WHICH INDICATES THE "BLOW" CAME FROM BEHIND—WHERE THAT GRAVESTONE CRUSHED ME!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT— BUT IT'S A STONE STATUE! I CHECKED IT OUT!

BUT YOU NEVER THOUGHT TO CHECK OUT THOSE FOOT-PRINTS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STATUE, EH?

THEY INDICATE A SMALL-SIZED FELLOW WAS HIDDEN BEHIND IT—MADE HIS SNEAK ATTACK ON YOU—AND THEN RACED OFF!

TRAINED IN OBSERVATION, ALERT TO SEE AND RECOGNIZE ANY VITAL CLUE AND SIGN, THEY TREAD THROUGH THE RAW FOG...

HE CAME THIS WAY, ALL RIGHT— THERE'S HIS DIRT-FOOTPRINT OUTLINED ON THE CEMETERY WALK!

HOW MUCH FURTHER BEFORE WE MAKE CONTACT?

TEN YARDS FURTHER—THE TRAIL ENDS ABRUPTLY!

H-HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE INTO THAT MAUSOLEUM, COULD HE?

IF HE DIDN'T—HOW COME HIS FOOTPRINT ENDS IN FRONT OF THE DOOR?

WE BETTER BE PREPARED TO COPE WITH—WHATEVER WE FIND INSIDE!

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE

**Aurora packs a screwdriver
with these big, beautiful hobby kits.
Because that's all you need
to put them together.**



(below left) SE-5 BRITISH SCOUT wingspan, 17' 1/4"

(above right) FOKKER D-7 wingspan, 18' 1/2"

No kidding, no cement! Just drop the special Phillips screws into the holes, and—twist, twist—you've got yourself two of the most exciting fighter planes that ever flew out of the wild blue yonder in World War I. You'll go for them in a big way—'cause the parts are big and hefty (much easier to paint!). And as finished models, they'll make a really big impression. Two super-scale, super-detailed kits from Aurora. At your favorite hobby counter now! Each \$3.50

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EXHAUSTED BY HIS EFFORT, THE LITTLE
MA - HE - WEED V. AGAINST A WALL AS,

PANT NORMAN: TWO YELLS
LIKE THAT WITHIN AN HOUR
PANT AND I'M BEAT

I'LL TAKE
OVER!

FROM WALL NICHE AND FLOOR, STONE URNS AND
BURNED WARE LEAP THROUGH THE AIR AT THE
FLOVING DYNAMIC DUO

JUST LIKE THOSE
FLYING BRICKS

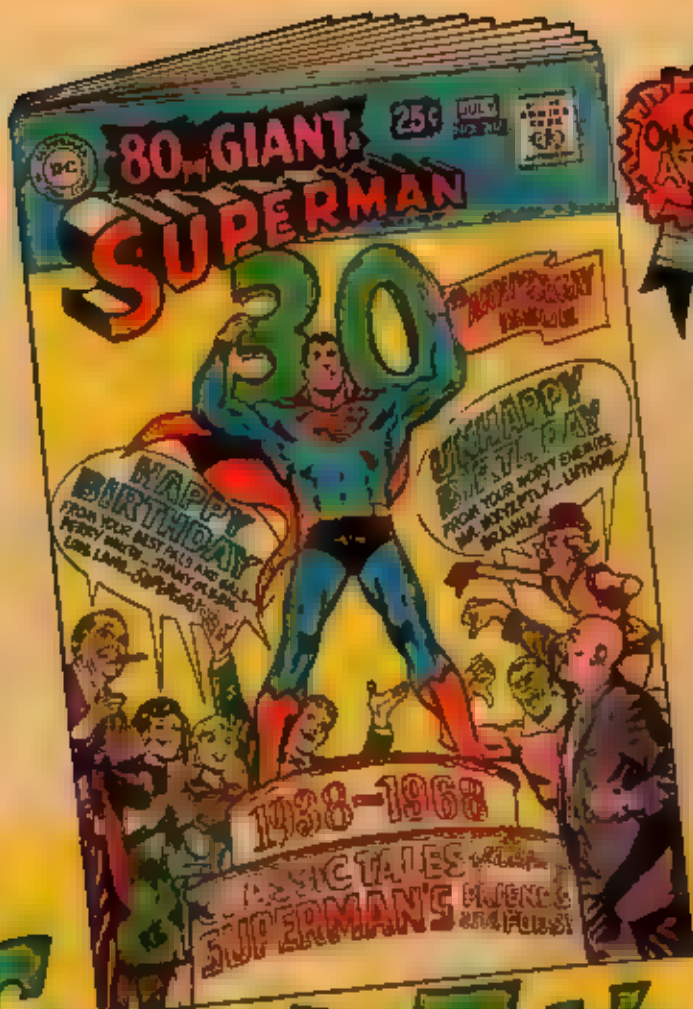
DOES THAT MAN
REALLY POSSESS
MIND OVER-MATTER
POWER?

RUNNING THE GAIN, L.E.T. MAN AND
BOY REACH THEIR TARGETS

THAT UPPERCUT
OUGHT TO MAKE
HIM TAKE HIS
MIND OFF HIS
WORK

I'LL HANDLE THE
LITTLE GUY - HE'S
MORE MY SIZE!

CONTINUED ON 208 PAGE FOLLOWING



**FROM US-TO YOU,
ONLY THE BEST!**



HAVE TO KEEP BOTH HANDS BUSY

FIGHTING OFF TWO THREATS AT A TIME!



SUDDENLY

HAT HEAVY STORM WAVE
CAME OUT OF NOWHERE

HOW TO JAR YOU ONE BATMAN --
ON MY OWN!

TO ONE SIDE UP THE
BOWLED CRUSADE.

YOU MAY BE THE SOUND,
BUT I'M THE FURY!



AND THE SOUNDS OF BOO-STRUGGLE AND FETE, PLAY THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE TWO
LINGS A GLASS VAL



I'LL SLOW THEM DOWN
IN A HURRY

WOP!



GAS

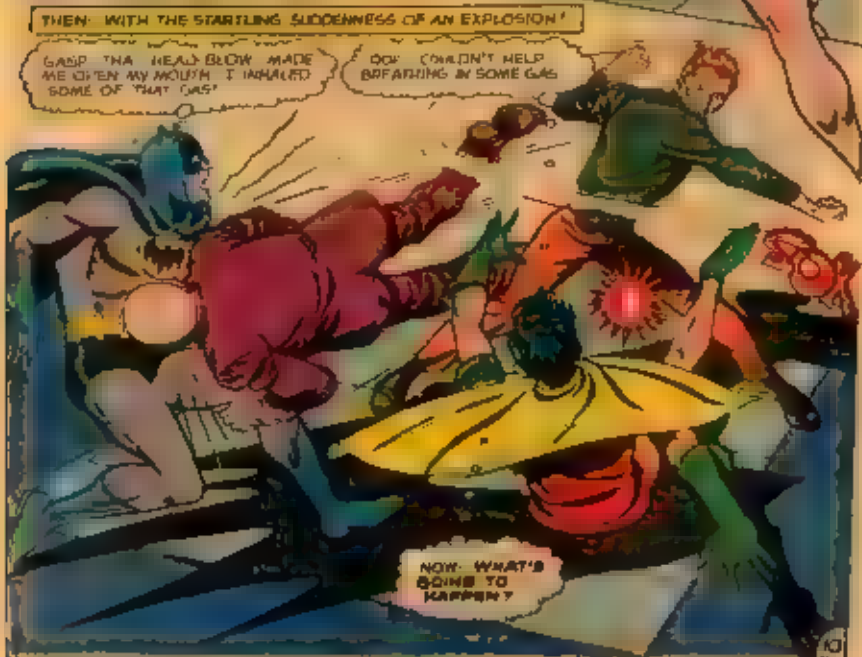
I WAS RIGHT ABOUT
OUR NEED FOR BAR-
PLUGS. BUT ROBIN
GETS A GOLD STAR
FOR COMING UP WITH
THE NOSE-FILTERS



FEARLESSLY THE CRUSADERS RESUME THEIR ATTACK

I'LL WRAP THIS UP
REAL FAST, NOW

THE BIGGER THEY ARE
THE HARDER THEY FALL!
AND THA GUY'S BIG
ENOUGH TO TAKE A LONG
TIME FALLING



THEN, WITH THE STARTLING SUDDENNESS OF AN EXPLOSION!

GASP! THA HEAD BLOW MADE
ME OPEN MY MOUTH. I INHALED
SOME OF THAT GAS!

OOO! COULDN'T HELP
BREATHING IN SOME GAS

NOW, WHAT'S
GONNA HAPPEN?

THE AMAZING ANSWER CAME LIKE A THUNDERCLAP OF DOOM!!..

MY REFLEXES HAVE BLOWN DOWN
MAKING HIM LOOK LIKE A SPEED
DEMON!

IT'S LIKE I
WERE FIGHTING
UNDERWATER!

NOW--WHILE OUR NOSE-
FILTERS PROTECT US FROM
THE GAS

I'M SLOW AS
MOLASSES!

HITTING ME LIKE
A PUNCHING BAG.

DON'T YOU
GIVE ME A WAY TO
TURN MY
HELPLESSNESS
TO MY ADVANTAGE
OR AT LEAST TO
ROBIN?

A FIST HIT REELING AWAY
WITH SUPER SPEED SENDS
THE CAPED CRIME-
FIGHTER REELING BACKWARDS.

HE LANDED A
BLOK BUSTER
AT THE
LAST MOMENT
MY FALL
WAS PREVENTED

"WORKED. I KNOW THE
THE TIGER MAN
INTO ROBBIE FIST!"

EVEN AS BATMAN DROPS OUT OF THE SKY, IT IS
THE TURN OF THE SLOW MOVING ROBIN TO BECOME
THE TARGET OF FAST-MOVING FISTS.

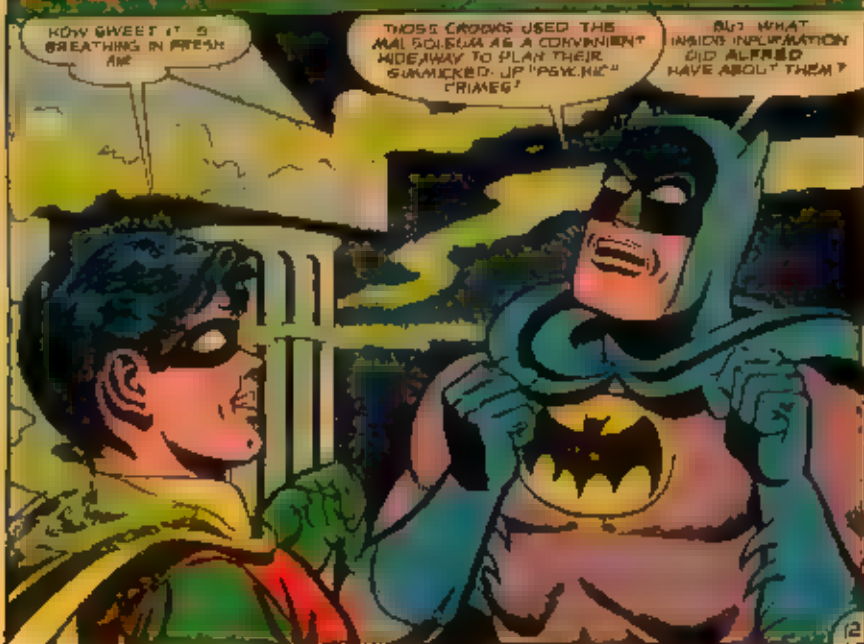
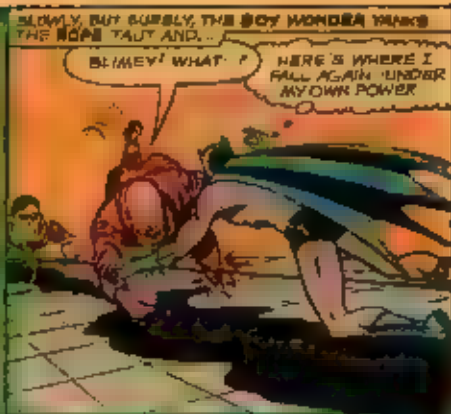
WHILE THAT THUG'S BACK IS
TO ME, I'LL CRAWL TO
THAT HEAVY STONE WALL
KNOW MY BATROPE TO IT

ROBIN'S IN
POSITION TO
SEE WHAT
I'M UP TO.

WHAT? BATMAN
STILL ON HIS FEET?

GOOD. WHEN HE COMES
AFTER ME

ROBIN WILL DO
HIS BIT. I HOPE.



LATE AT A RECOVERING ALFRED'S BRONCE...

AS YOU KNOW, BEFORE I CAME TO THE STATES, I WAS AN ENTERTAINER IN THE ENGLISH MUSIC HALLS. THERE I MET A "MIND OVER MATTER" MAGICIAN NAMED THE GREAT NORMAN, WHO MADE OBJECTS LIKE BRICKS FLY ACROSS THE STAGE!

ALTHOUGH, I'M SURE IT WAS WORKED WITH PROPS. I NEVER DID LEARN JUST HOW HE DID IT.

DURING A NAZI AIR RAC IN WORLD WAR II, NORMAN SAVED MY FE FROM A BOMB EXPLOSION...

AFTER THE WAR, I LOST TRACK OF NORMAN. TILL A FEW DAYS AGO WHEN I SAW HIM IN THE STERNAL GATE CEMETERY. WHILE VISITING MY PA HERE'S GRAVE, I ATTEMPTED TO FOLLOW HIM, BUT LOST HIM IN THE M.T.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, MY MIND AND MY MIND'S MIND OVER MATTER. SUDDENLY REALIZED NORMAN WAS THE SO-CALLED PSYCHIC PLUNDERER!

I WAS IN MENTAL TORMENT. NORMAN SAVED MY LIFE AND YET HE WAS A LAW BREAKER. I DECIDED TO TELL YOU MY TO BE UNABLE TO STAND THE EMOTIONAL STRAIN...

I WAS A TOUGH DECISION TO MAKE, ALFRED! WHAT PROMPTED YOU TO BETRAY NORMAN?

I OWED HIM MY LIFE BUT I ALSO OWED IT TO NORMAN TO MAKE HIM SEE THE FOLLY OF HIS CRIMINAL WAY. I EXPECT A TERM IN PRISON WILL DO JUST THAT AND HE'LL BE REHABILITATED!

LET'S HOPE SCALFRED FOR HIS SAFE AND YOURS!

THE END

APRIL, 1968

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Model of the Month



COMING YOUR WAY... A NEW DC BRAND



A BRAND
NEW
FLASH
YOU'VE NEVER
KNOWN BEFORE!

BRAND

NEW

AS

TOMORROW'S
HEADLINES!



ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

YOU HAVE READ ABOUT THESE
ANTICS IN THE NEWSPAPERS!
YOU HAVE SEEN THEM RUN
RIG' ON TV NEWSCASTS YOU
HAVE WATCHED THEM IN MOVIES!

THEY HAVE BECOME A NOTORIOUS
LEGEND IN THEIR OWN TIME!
WHEN THESE HOGS WILD ANGELS OF
ANARCHY INVADED GOTHAM CITY
THEY WERE BOUND TO CROSS THE
PATH OF ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!



AN EARLY FALL EVENING IN WAYNE MANOR FINDS A SURPRISED BRUCE BATMAN WAYNE.

DICK GRAYSON
WHAT'S THIS?

WELL, LOOK AT YOU! OOH! SEE YOU DRESSED UP IN A SUIT VERY FITTEN.

WHAT'S THE OCCASION? A BIG DATE TONIGHT?

AFRAID NOT! I'M ONE OF THE NOMINEES FOR THE JUNIOR CLASS PRESIDENCY AND WE'RE HOLDING A SPECIAL ASSEMBLY FOR THE CANDIDATES' PEP SPEECHES TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE ELECTION.

I SURE WANT TO WIN THAT ELECTION! BECAUSE OF MY ROBOT DUTIES, I HAVEN'T BEEN AS ACTIVE AS I'D LIKE TO BE IN SCHOOL -- AND THIS'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PARTICIPATE MORE.

I WITH YOU LUCK, I'LL SO ON PATROL ALONE, THEN?

LATER THAT EVENING, AS DICK IS SHORT-CUTTING THROUGH THE SCHOOL'S PARKING LOT.

THAT RACKET!
SOUNDS LIKE

THE HORNETS--A WILD MOTORCYCLE GANG OF LOCAL HOODLUMS--MOBILED AFTER THE WEST COAST'S HELL'S ANGELS!

RRRRR AWWWRP



OUTTA MY WAY!

FORGET ABOUT THE KID. BABY FAT DADDY WAG'S WHEELS ARE OVER THIS WAY



AFTER THE MOTORCYCLISTS PASS BY, DICK DARTS BETWEEN TWO PARKED CARS AND...

PRETTY NEAT IDEA OF ME DISGUISED AS A TIE AND CARRYING COMPRESSIBLE ACCESSORIES IN MY POCKETS

I RECOGNIZED THEIR LEADER -- TOMMY THE TRAMP, OUR PRINCIPAL MR. WAGNER EXPELLED HIM LAST MONTH BECAUSE OF HIS ROWDIISM IN SCHOOL

AFTER HIDING HIS DISCARDED CLOTHES, ROBIN DASHES ACROSS THE PARKING LOT.

HE MUST BE BACK WITH HIS GANG TO GET A MISGUIDED KIND OF REVENGE!

A LITTLE BIRD WILL BE WAITING TO SURPRISE THEM!



WE FIRED HIM WAGNER AIN'T GONNA BE USING HIS HEAD ANY MORE

RIDE'S OVER END OF THE LINE

AS THE CYCLIST SPILLS OUT, ROBIN BOUNCES UP FROM THE COLLISION TO FIND

WELL, WELL, THE GOTHAM GOODY-GOODY GUMDRO! DON'T KNOW HOW YUH GOT HERE, BUT YUH BE SURE NOT GONNA STAY!

HE'S RUNNING RIGHT AT ME HAVE TO MOVE FAST!

QUICKLY FLIPPING INTO THE AIR

COON? BE A PIG, TOMMY THE TRAMP. LET ME HAVE THAT HOG!

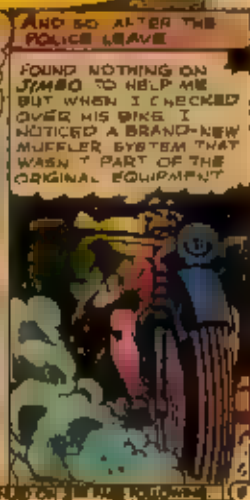
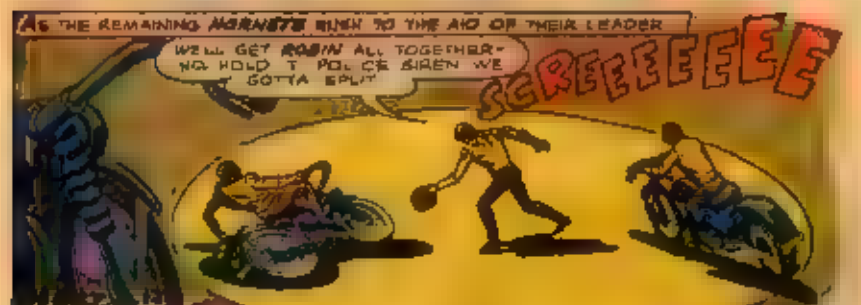
ANOTHER RIDING ROUGHNECK IRCL'S BACK AND

CAN'T LET YA GET AWAY WITH BREAKIN OUR RUN! THIS LL DUMP YA!

JIMBO'S TURN NOW I GOT SUMPIN PERSONAL AGAINST ROBIN!

THAT GUY'S FOOT ALMOST PUT ME OUT FOR THE COUNT!

THIS ONE'S CLINCHED FIST LOOKS LIKE THE CLINCHED



Have Fun...Get a Showtime

Garbage Truck



1/24
Scale



The lid opens—it's a stage of carry-all.

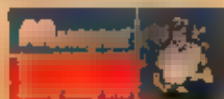
Crazy New Custom Show Rod • Mod Musicians, Skin Diving, Surfing Gear

It's a mod copy of the familiar alley-prowling, packer-type garbage hauler—all shining and sparkling and crazy equipped. It's the greatest garbage truck of all time—terrific beach buggy too and a showtime stage complete with mod singer and two guitarists.

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Drag on down to your favorite store and get a garbage truck for yourself. Only 2 bucks.

Also available: Modified 1/24 Scale
Mopar Street Rod, 1/24 Scale



BE MY GUEST
AT AMERICA'S
GREATEST
AMUSEMENT PARK

PALISADES
AMUSEMENT PARK N.J.

1/2 MILE SOUTH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

LOOK FOR THIS COUPON IN ALL
MAY THROUGH OCTOBER ISSUES

ADMIT ONE (1) to
PALISADES
AMUSEMENT PARK, N.J.

GOOD MONDAY, WEDNESDAY
and FRIDAYS
(EXCEPT HOLIDAYS)
UNTIL 7 P.M.

FREE
ADMISSION

PARKING
WORTH 85¢

FREE RIDE

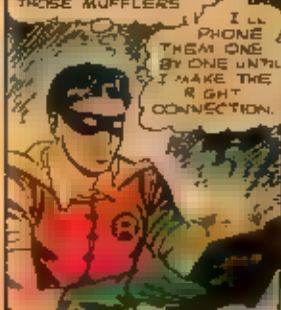
BATMAN ride

FREE RIDE
GRUSEL

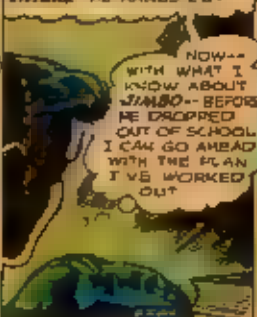
SHORTLY IN THE BATCAVE...

ACCORDING TO THE **YELLOW PAGES** OF THE **GOYHAM PHONEBOOK**, A HALF DOZEN SHOPS SELL THOSE MUFFLERS

I'LL PHONE THEM ONE BY ONE UNTIL I MAKE THE RIGHT CONNECTION.



HIT TON MY THIRD CALL ONE OF THE OWNERS RECENTLY SOLD THAT MUFFLER TYPE TO **JIMBO** -AND KNOWS WHERE HE HANGS OUT



NOW-- WITH WHAT I KNOW ABOUT **JIMBO**--BEFORE HE DROPPED OUT OF SCHOOL-- I CAN GO AHEAD WITH THE PLAN I'VE WORKED OUT

FIRST A BEARD--THEN MESS UP MY HAIR TO GIVE ME **JIMBO'S** STRAGGLY APPEARANCE. AFTER THAT SHOE-LIFTS TO GIVE ME ADDED HEIGHT



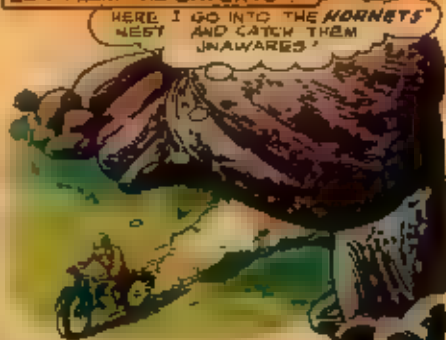
SHORTLY

THAT OUGHT TO FOOL HIS GANG TOO BAD BRUCE IS STILL OUT ON PATROL AND CAN'T ADMIRE THIS DISGUISE



A CONCEALED HILLSIDE ENTRANCE OPENS UP AND OUT INTO THE BRISK NIGHT AIR COMES THE STRANGEST SIGHT EVER TO EXIT FROM THE **BATCAVE**

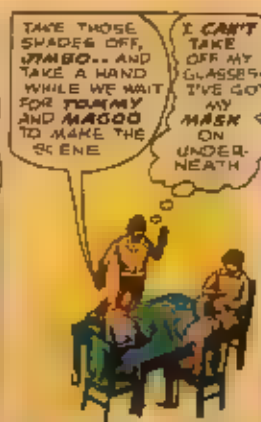
HERE I GO INTO THE **HORNETS'** NEST AND CATCH THEM UNAWARES



IN A RUNDOWN PART OF TOWN

THIS IS IT I RECOGNIZE THOSE BIKES ONLY THREE OF THEM-- THE WHOLE GANG ISN'T HERE I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY DISGUISE ON UNTIL THEY SHOW UP





CONTINUED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE



I MOVE
WE TABLE
THE QUESTION

HAPPY DAZE

YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE PERSONAL
PROBLEMS, TOMMY THE TRAMP
HERE'S A CURE!

AND YOU ~~WAKU~~
YOU DEFINITELY
NERD A LITTLE
PUNCH IN YOUR
LIFE

WAKU



I'LL BAT-CLIFF THEM AND
CALL THE POLICE

I WONDER
IF THERE'S
STILL TIME
TO GET BACK
IN TIME FOR
MY SPEECH?

LATER THAT NIGHT BACK
IN WAYNE MANOR

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD,
MASTER DICK! AFTER ALL,
YOU HAVE JUST
COMPLETED A HIGHLY
SUCCESSFUL CASE.
YOU SHOULD BE IN
CHEERFUL SPIRITS.

YES, DICK.
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

I GOT INVOLVED
WITH A GANG
OF MOTORCYCLE
MARAUDERS--
AND BEFORE I
COULD GET
BACK TO SCHOOL,
THE SPEECHES
WERE OVER. I
LOST THE
ELECTION.

COME ON, T-SN-T.
ALL THAT BAD
AFTER ALL OUR
WORK DEMANDS
SACRIFICES.

GET SOME
SLEEP. I'LL
BE ALL RIGHT
IN THE
MORNING.

SURE, BRUCE.
I'LL BE OKAY.

THE END

LETTERS TO THE BATCAVE-EXTRA

Dear Editor:

In regard to one of your recent lettercols, it was stated by a fan that he was in deep mystery and wonderment re words to that effect) as to why *Batman* and *Robin*'s eyeprints were white-colored. Fear not, Mr. Editor, I have taken it upon myself to enlighten any and all who wish the answer and seek the truth. And so my story commences (for want of a better title, I shall call it: "The Great Eyeprint Mystery")

It came to pass that a young lad, Bruce Wayne, was destined to become one of America's best-known and best-loved also best-read crime-fighters—via the actions of a man known as Joe Chill. Now *Batman*, having one of the quicker minds, foresaw that many people would try and discover his secret identity, many of them being delusions and unscrupulous persons who would gladly divulge this secret to the underworld or to the world at large for their money, and think nothing of it.

So the *Gotham Guardian* decided that those people would take advantage of any slip-up he might possibly make in order to obtain his precious secret. After some thought, *Batman* concluded that one of the most noticeable clues to his identity would be the color of his eyes. For if Bruce Wayne ever got included in anyone's line-up of possible *Batmen*, then his might very well be the straw that broke the camel's back. To remedy this, he took immediate action. Now the gist of the story is this: *Batman* decided to fill in his eye-lids also *Robin*'s, when he came along, with a two-way mirror type substance. In effect, he could really see out from the outside, people would only see a blank, white surface thus eliminating this particular hazard to his secret identity.

So this is my answer to "The Great Eyeprint Mystery." You may take it or leave it with a grain of salt, for you wish in case anyone wonders whereof I got this information, it was so explained by Joe Chill a few years ago. I thank you— and good night.

(up Langless, Cocoa Beach, Fla.)

(So now when crooks want to gun down *Batman*, they don't shoot till they see the whites of his eyes! Editor)

Dear Editor:

This is a letter of thought, and no—I'm not pointing out some minor oversight, or praising or downgrading a story. I just want to tell you why I enjoy yours and many other DC comics. The reason is because I love the cleverness, and the adventurous originality behind the plots. In your magazines, can envision a world where right always triumphs. Regrettably, a most uncommon to the fact that in this world it isn't always so. I can also see a world where, although it still has men full of hate, distrust, deviated morals and suspicious malignance, for every

one there's a man of insight, men of virtue and ethics who would face any danger for the things they believe in.

I never buy other brands of comics on the stands because I'm so let down reading them. They seem as just a blur in the bright light of your issue. If it weren't for *Batman*, *Detective Comics*, and so many of your other mags, I think I got *Betty*. (No pun intended.) Your mags help a teenager forget his or her problems. I can't tell you exactly why I wrote you this letter, but I guess it's because I thought for once you'd like to know exactly why we fans love and adore you and the comics you print.

Shelia Horne, Baltimore, Md.

(The "Why" you listed for reading DC comics, Shelia, are all valid ones! Editor)

Dear Editor

One of the many qualities in a *Batman* story is its realism. But for many years the plausibility of *Batman* has been put, time and time again, to a test—which unfortunately the *Caped Crusader* has yet to pass. The situation is a familiar one: *Batman* is knocked senseless by his footed up, and awakens to a torrent of abuse, ridicule, and outright bragging, as the villain taunts our hero before he commits him to death.

Going back a bit, we find that in *Batman* #192, the captive *Batman* had make-up on, disguised as one of Johnny White's henchmen. In other issues, his face was masked by his cowl. This, however, is beside the point, because in neither case did the villain make any attempt to unmask him, or discover his true identity. It amazes me why any criminal would not instinctively rip away *Batman*'s mask, even before he tied him up. It would normally be the very first thing to do.

Secondly, like all his colleagues in crime, Johnny White put *Batman* in some crazy contraption, which is supposed to kill him. Why, why, why would a smart crook like White or any other smart crook prefer this method of elimination instead of a simple bullet through the heart or head? Sure, it wouldn't be as dramatic, or as thrilling as some tricky trap, but if you want to be realistic, it would be a lot more dependable. After all, how many bullets through the heart has *Batman* survived in comparison with his record of "death-trap" escapes?

If *Gotham City*'s local evil-doers use this strategy, I can't see how *Batman* can ever lose.

—James D. Fide, Bayonne, N.J.

(Carry reality to extremes and poor *Batman* wouldn't have a place to hang his cape. To further quote from *Barbette*: "Human kind cannot bear very much reality.")

Editor

Address communications to LETTERS TO THE BATCAVE EXTRA, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

DIRECT CURRENTS

When STANLEY takes his favorite MONSTER to camp, you can look for disaster—and what happens to "SPOT" shouldn't happen to a DOG. As if that weren't enough, STANLEY's sister invites a rock group over to rehearse. . . and dear ol' MONSTER helps 'em out in a contest! Then, to top off the ish, comes a carnival caper—with "SPOT" billed as a "hairy fat lady" and immigration agents after SCHNITZEL and SHAUNESSY! July STANLEY AND HIS MONSTER, No. 125, on sale April 23.

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Back to the twentieth century journeyed the time-travelers from the far future, to witness D DAY (DOOM DAY) for the JUSTICE LEAGUES—an event that their history books had ALREADY recorded! "TIME SIGNS A DEATH-WARRANT FOR THE JUSTICE LEAGUE" is the story. . . and it comes to newsstands everywhere on April 25, in the June issue of JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA, No. 69! If you miss this JLA adventure, you MAY forgive yourself. . . but it won't be easy!

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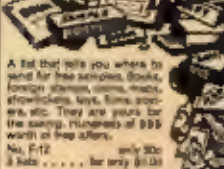
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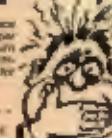
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